To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare bloud shed for our grieuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded, is the King.
Clar. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarell of the house of Lancaster.
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vowe, and with thy trechereous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was stroke dead by thee?
Cla. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am

I am his brother, and I lo
If you be hirde for meede
And I will send you to my
Who will reward you be
Then Edward will for ty
2 You are deceiu'd, y
Cla. Oh no, he loues
Go you to him from me
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when t
Blest his three sonnes wi
And chargd vs from his
He little thought of this
Bid Gloceſter thinke of
Am. I, milstones as h
Cla. O doe not slaun
1 Right as snow in h
Tis he hath sent vs hithe
Cla. It cannot be, for
He hugd me in his armes
That he would labour m
2 Why so he doth,
From this worlds thraldo
1 Makes peace with
Cla. Hast thou that
To counsell me to make
And art thou yet to thy
That thou wilt war with
Ah sirs, consider, he tha
To doe this deede, will h
2 What shall we do
Cla. Relent, and saue y
1 Relent, tis coward
Cla. Not to relent, is
My friend, I spie some p
Oh if thy eye be not a fl
Come thou on my side,
A begging Prince, wha

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth